

The History of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the enuy of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arriual of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If die, braue death when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer
A second time doe such a courtelie.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound
his power, alarums to the battell:
Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name that in Battell
What honour dost thou seeke vpon?

Dow. Know then my name is Dowgla
And I doe haunt thee in the battell
Because some tell me, that thou art a
Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deare
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King
This Sword hath ended him, so shall
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, t
And thou shalt find a King that will
Lord Staffords death.

They fight; Dowglas kills Blunt;

Hot. O Dowglas! hadst thou fought
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.

Dow. Al's done, al's won, here be

Hot. Where?

Hot. This Dowglas? No, I know
A gallant Knight he was, his name
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy sword
A borrowed title hast thou bought
Why didst thou tell me, that thou

Hot. The King hath many marcs

Dowg. Now by my Sword, I will
He murder all his Wardrope, piece
Vntill I meete the King.

Our souldiers stand full fairely for
Alarum, enter Falstouff.

Fal. Though I could scape shot
Nor heere, heere's no scoring but
you? *Walter Blunt*, there's hono